

Shannigan Lake School Magazine



December, 1935

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MAIN SCHOOL

« EDITORIAL »

IT was natural that their talk should be running on Christmas, and as their young voices were raised in their excitement it was not difficult to hear what they were saying. They were telling each other what they wanted: for what they hoped: for what they would specially ask. I was struck as much by the moderation of their requests as by the comprehensiveness of them. Nor were their thoughts purely selfish, for they spoke also of what they were planning to give to other members of the household. From presents their talk ran on to Christmas dinner with a long recital of the dainties to which they were most partial, and a surfeit of which must surely overtax the most hardened digestion. How exciting Christmas is for the young!

As I walked back to my room, their gay, irresponsible talk ran in my thoughts and I wondered how I could bring some deeper meaning of the occasion home to them. I decided I would read them Dickens' "Christmas Carol" in the hopes that it would prompt them to do something to make the day happier for others less fortunate than themselves, and so add to their enjoyment.

Turning on the radio when I reached my room, I heard the closing words of a carol,

*"And to the earth be peace,
Goodwill henceforth"*

Peace? Goodwill? Where were they to be found on earth? Would the Roman Dictator hear these words sung? And if he did, what would his reactions be to this Christmas message? Peace on earth? What a mockery it sounded! Better surely, like that other Roman, to take as one's creed "Eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow we die." But this did not fit with Christmas, unless one only saw in it presents and eating, forgetting what lay behind it all.

*"For in a manger Jesu sleeps
This Christmas day."*

SCHOOL NOTES

WE welcome Mr. E. H. Bayly (Rugby and Oxford) and Mr. L. E. Jones (Liverpool College and Oxford), who have joined the staff this term.

Mr. L. L. Warrener left at the end of the summer term to start an art school at Toronto.

We congratulate Lord and Lady Colville on the birth of their second son.

The School Prefects this year are G. F. Mackie, J. C. Whittle, I. Davis, J. G. Niven, and G. C. H. Tupper.

The Captain of the 1st XV is J. C. Whittle; Vice-Captain, J. G. Niven. Colours have been awarded to Reynolds i, Wilson i, Mackie, Tupper i, Newton, McIntosh and Smith ii.

The Pancake Greaze, held on March 5th, was won by D. A. Dawson and the Sixth Form.

After lapsing for several years the Fancy Dress Dance was again held in the Easter Term on March 1st.

A set of hand bells has arrived from England, and Mr. Trotman hopes to interest some of the more mathematically minded.

The usual Rag Concert was held on the Saturday of Armistice week-end.

On September 14th the School were the guests of Mr. Murphy, of New York, on his barquentine "Intrepid," which was lying at Victoria. Through the kindness of Mr. T. B. Wilson, the entire School was transported from the school to the ship and back, and, after an excellent lunch on board, we were given a very unusual and interesting opportunity to see over every detail of a real sailing ship, and probably one of the most luxurious afloat.

Our grateful thanks to Mr. James Forman for the gift of "Mine" for the coming year.



CHAPEL NOTES

The Reverend H. St. J. Payne began his duties as acting School Chaplain last February.

The Confirmation Service was held in the Chapel on Sunday, May 5th, conducted by the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Columbia, who confirmed the following boys: D. F. Pownall, R. Derby, R. H. Milne, P. McR. Robertson, D. F. J. McIntosh, J. M. Oldham, J. P. Ogilvie, I. M. Bell-Irving and C. R. Day.

There were also eleven candidates from Strathcona Lodge School.

The School is indebted to Mrs. Stanton for the gift of a book rest, carved by herself, for the altar.

During the Lent term Mr. Bott very kindly gave a series of organ recitals on Sunday evenings.

Sermons during the summer term were preached by Rev. R. Connell and Archdeacon A. Dewdney.

The Right Reverend Bishop Sexton, our new co-adjutor bishop, very kindly came up and preached on October 20th.

« SPEECH DAY »

THE prize-giving took place in the gymnasium on Saturday, June 29th, before the usual gathering of parents and friends of the School.

The Head Master, after congratulating St. Michael's School, Victoria, and Vernon Preparatory School, on twenty-five and twenty-one years of successful work, pointed out how satisfactory the past year had been in every phase of the School's life. He suggested greater co-operation of the parents with the school masters. A school master was a conscientious individual, whose considered opinion should be valuable because of his experience of every type of boy. If his work kept him aloof from the more sordid realities of business life, and if his vision was fixed on the ideal rather than the practical, that should be a gain to the educationist and not the cause of derision it so often was. If idealism was absorbed in liberal quantities in the days of youth it could last forever. He emphasized the necessity for a continued cultivation of the three R's which could be interpreted as Reverence, Respect and Restraint: reverence for the Deity and all things spiritual; respect for law and the conventions of society; restraint in their behaviour to their fellow man.

He then introduced Mr. Justice Robertson who gave away the prizes.

Mr. Robertson in his speech said that even if he was not the oldest man on the platform, he could claim to be one of the oldest in knowledge of the School, one of his boys being amongst the first seven who came to it. He was much struck by the physical growth of the School, by the excellent grounds and magnificent buildings. He was gratified, too, to see the high standard the School had taken in scholarship. But greater than either scholarship or sportsmanship in the school life was discipline. Every day in life there were examples of lack of self-control, want of reverence for the country's laws and other people's rights, want of respect in children to their parents. In private schools such as Shawnigan, much more so than in public schools, boys could derive greater benefit from the discipline, the self-control, the respect which they learnt there.

For a boy to think discipline and self-control of no practical value in the world was a great mistake, as by them only could a man get out of the difficulties in which he found himself. By showing restraint, boys built up their characters and fitted themselves more for their actual work in life. By paying respect to their elders, by showing reverence to their superiors, to religion, to their country's institutions, boys showed their superiority and what they had learned from the schools they had attended.

As an illustration of the point he wished to make, Mr. Robertson said that he could not do better than to take as an example Sir Percy Lake, the Chairman of the Board of Governors, for it was because of the discipline which had influenced the whole of his life that he was a vigorous man, that day celebrating his eightieth birthday, on which all congratulated him.

Sir Percy Lake in reply said he found it difficult to forgive Mr. Robertson for making him blush on his eightieth birthday and for asking him to make a speech. But to speak on discipline was to speak on a subject of which he, as a soldier, thoroughly approved. It was a quality to which many were apt to pay

too little account, but without it the Allies would not have achieved victory in the Great War, and the discipline of the people of the United Kingdom and Canada was equally wonderful during those difficult times.

It was necessary for Canada, a growing nation, to have a number of leaders, constant in behaviour and conduct, who would be an example to all classes, and amongst the qualities they must have, he would put discipline first of all. Finally the three R's, mentioned by the Head Master, should always be before the boys in their future careers.

PRIZE LIST, JUNE, 1935

Form VII—G. W. Reed.	Remove B—D. A. Matthews.
Form VI—R. A. Kerr.	Form III—B. M. Hall.
Upper Vth—C. R. Day.	Reading—A. T. Rogers.
Lower Vth—D. F. J. McIntosh.	Efficiency (Michaelmas) T.C. Tryon.
Form IV—A. Gardner.	Efficiency (Lent)—J. G. Niven.
Remove A—J. P. Ogilvie.	Efficiency (Summer)—G. W. Reed.
Sportsmanship Cup—J. C. Whittle.	

EXAMINATIONS

For the Matriculation Examination this year the School sent in ten candidates, of whom seven passed in all subjects, their average of marks being 70.6%.

Four boys wrote a partial examination. Of these one completed his matriculation. Three others obtained standing in eight papers.

Three candidates failed to satisfy the examiners. Of these, two wrote the examination at the express desire of their parents; otherwise we should not have entered them. The third reached the necessary total but must take three supplementals.

One candidate's name appears in the Honours List with an average of 83.1%.

In September, 1935, three boys entered the University of British Columbia, two boys entered McGill University, one boy entered Stanford University, one boy entered Dartmouth College and one boy entered Brandon College.

SCHOLARSHIPS

The Foundation Scholars this year are: D. P. Oakes, J. D. C. Holland, and R. G. Reynolds.

Exhibitioners this year are: R. B. Hayward, L. C. Lake, J. W. Reynolds, W. T. S. Pearce and C. R. Day.



« CRICKET »

ALTHOUGH the results of the matches were not very much on the School credit side, most, however, were quite close. The batting showed improvement, but there was a lack of confidence in the batsmen themselves, who were inclined to get reckless if runs were not coming quickly enough. There are several bowlers who should be very useful in the future. Newton on the whole bowled well, using his head, and varying his pace to much better advantage. The fielding was of a much higher standard, and in the match against Victoria, it was one of the best exhibitions that has been seen for some seasons. Reed captained the side very creditably, and set a very fine example in the field. The team was on the young side, and with that in view there should be considerable promise for the future.

SHAWNIGAN LAKE SCHOOL VS. UNIVERSITY SCHOOL

May 18th, 1935

Shawnigan Lake School beat University School at Shawnigan Lake by ten runs in a low scoring match. For University School, Gee bowled well, taking six wickets for 23 runs, and was top scorer with 25 runs. For Shawnigan School, Smith took 6 wickets for 18 runs, and Reed was top scorer with 15 runs; he also made two very good catches.

Scores:

Shawnigan Lake School		University School	
J. G. Niven, run out.....	4	Teagle, ct Dawson, b Newton.....	2
H. G. Niven, ct Field, b Gee.....	0	Smith, ct Reed, b A. R. Smith.....	1
D. A. Dawson, ct Huff, b Swarder.....	2	Henderson, run out.....	1
D. Newton, run out.....	2	Sworder, b Newton.....	1
J. C. Smith, ct Huff, b Gee.....	2	Gee, ct Reed, b A. R. Smith.....	25
A. R. Smith, b Gee.....	6	Huff, l.b.w., b A. R. Smith.....	0
V. G. Motherwell, run out.....	8	Spiers, b Mackie.....	0
G. W. Reed, l.b.w., b Gee.....	15	Massy ii, c and b A. R. Smith.....	0
R. M. Day, b Gee.....	1	Field, b A. R. Smith.....	0
J. P. Torland, b Gee.....	0	Spencer, not out.....	1
G. F. Mackie, not out.....	6	Jackel, ct Torland, b A. R. Smith.....	0
Extras	5	Extras	4
Total	45	Total	35

SHAWNIGAN LAKE SCHOOL VS. THE STAFF

May 30th, 1935

Scores:

Shawnigan Lake School 1st XI		The Staff	
Niven, b Levien.....	1	P. T. Skrimshire, run out.....	0
Lake, ct C. W. Lonsdale, b Levien.....	0	D. C. Ellis, run out.....	5
Dawson, ct Levien, b Palin.....	13	A. Trotman, b Newton.....	3
Humphreys, ct and b Levien.....	2	B. Webber, b Newton.....	2
Newton, ct C. W. Lonsdale, b Levien.....	6	E. D. W. Levien, b Newton.....	2
Motherwell, b M. C. Ellis.....	3	C. W. Lonsdale, ct Motherwell, b Mackie.....	12
Smith, ct Twite, b M. C. Ellis.....	11	C. W. Twite, st Torland, b Motherwell.....	39
Moore, b Frend.....	6	D. V. Palin, ct Moore, b Mackie.....	14
Day, ct Palin, b C. W. Lonsdale.....	3	M. C. Ellis, not out.....	2
Mackie, not out.....	4	B. Frend, A. T. Hunt, did not bat.....	1
Torland, b C. W. Lonsdale.....	7	Extras	1
Extras	5	Total (for 8 wickets).....	80
Total	61		

SHAWNIGAN LAKE SCHOOL VS. COWICHAN CRICKET CLUB

June 1st, 1935

Shawnigan Lake School drew with The Cowichan Cricket Club at Shawnigan. For Cowichan, Fox was top scorer with 26 runs. For Shawnigan Lake School, Newton took 4 wickets for 30 runs and was top scorer with 26 runs, not out.

Scores:

Cowichan Cricket Club		Shawnigan Lake School	
Denny, b Newton.....	15	Niven, b Collison.....	0
Collison, l.b.w. A. R. Smith.....	9	Lake, b Denny.....	1
Green, c Lake, b Mackie.....	13	Dawson, c Leggatt, b Denny.....	0
Deykin, b Newton.....	0	Humphreys, l.b.w. Denny.....	8
Gartside, run out.....	7	Newton, not out.....	26
Corbishley, c Newton, b Day.....	0	Smith, b Collison.....	13
Leggatt, b Newton.....	4	Reed, not out.....	2
Dunlop, b Newton.....	0	Moore, Day, Torland and Mackie, did not bat.	
Fox, c Lake, b Day.....	26	Extras	9
B. Appleby, not out.....	19		
T. Appleby, b Humphreys.....	2		
Extras	6		
Total	101	Total (for 5 wickets).....	59



1st CRICKET ELEVEN

1935

Back Row: J. P. Torland, J. C. Whittle, A. R. Smith, V. G. Motherwell, J. F. Moore. Middle Row: J. S. Humphreys, D. A. C. Newton, G. W. Reed, D. A. Dawson, J. G. Niven. Front Row: H. G. Niven.

SHAWNIGAN LAKE SCHOOL VS. UNIVERSITY SCHOOL

University School beat Shawnigan Lake School at Victoria on Saturday, June 8th, by 6 wickets.

Scores:

1st Ins. Shawnigan Lake School		1st. Ins. University School	
Niven i, b Gee.....	0	Smith, c Dawson, b Newton.....	10
Humphreys, b Gee.....	16	Huff, c and b Newton.....	5
Seaton, c Massey, b Gee.....	4	Henderson, c Motherwell, b Newton	4
Smith i, l.b.w., b Gee.....	0	Gee, b Newton.....	4
Newton, b Gee.....	0	Teagle, not out.....	10
Dawson, c Field, b Swarder.....	2	Swarder, Speers, Field, Spencer,	
Reed, not out.....	1	Massey, Jaeckel, did not bat.	
Moore, b Swarder.....	5	Extras	6
Motherwell, l.b.w., b Swarder.....	0		
Torland, c and b Swarder.....	3		
Whittle, b Swarder.....	0		
Extras	2		
Total	33	Total (for 4 wickets).....	39

SHAWNIGAN LAKE SCHOOL VS. VICTORIA CRICKET CLUB

June 15th, 1935

Shawnigan Lake School lost to Victoria Cricket Club by 12 runs at Shawnigan. For Victoria C. C., C. Jones was top scorer with 17 runs. For Shawnigan, Reed was top scorer with 24 runs and Dawson made 16. Newton bowled well taking 5 wickets, in 20 overs, for 26 runs.

Scores:

Victoria Cricket Club		Shawnigan Lake School	
C. Jones, ct Humphreys, b Newton	17	J. G. Niven, b Bossom.....	2
A. V. Darcus, ct Smith, b Newton.....	7	J. S. Humphreys, ct Wise, b Moffat	8
B. Starkey, ct Torland, b Humphreys	3	G. W. Reed, b Hurne.....	24
R. Moffat, b Humphreys.....	2	A. R. Smith, l.b.w. Moffat.....	0
J. Wise, ct Moore, b Humphreys.....	8	D. A. Newton, b Bossom.....	2
F. Bossom, b Newton.....	3	H. G. Niven, b Jones.....	2
H. Lethaby, not out.....	6	D. A. Dawson, st Austin, b Jordan.....	16
H. S. Hurne, st Torland, b Newton	9	J. F. Moore, b Hurne.....	3
P. Austin, ct Newton, b Smith.....	2	V. G. Motherwell, b Jordan.....	0
G. Austin, run out.....	5	J. C. Whittle, ct Lethaby, b Hurne..	0
F. Jordan, b Newton.....	10	J. P. Torland, not out.....	1
Extras	4	Extras	6
Total	76	Total	64

SECOND XI MATCH

School vs. The Optimists, June 8th, at Shawnigan, lost by 4 wickets.

COLTS MATCH

School vs. Duncan Scouts, June 1st, at Duncan, lost by 7 wickets.

HOUSE MATCHES

Semi-final—Ripley's beat Groves' by 4 wickets.

Final—Ripley's beat Lake's by 33 runs.

CHARACTERS

G. W. REED (*Captain*)—He captained the side very well, his placing and altering of the field for different batsmen was always well thought out. As a batsman he was of the very stiff and unorthodox type, but he got runs when they were needed. A very good field, though at times over-eager, which often caused him to fail to pick up the ball cleanly.

D. A. C. NEWTON—Came on as a bowler, and has now started to realize that length comes before pace, which he varies very successfully. His batting shows promise but he is still very careless and in too great a hurry to get runs. Has fielded very well, much safer catch.

D. A. DAWSON—A solid bat, who can hit the ball really hard, he failed many times to get runs, because he wanted to score boundaries off every ball before he was set. A very sterling field, who will make an attempt to stop anything; uncertain catch.

J. S. HUMPHREYS—Did not really get a proper start and, as a result, both his batting and bowling were very patchy. Must try to be very alert and keen in the field.

J. P. TORLAND—A very much improved wicket-keeper. He is now far less inclined to snatch at the ball and has done some very clever pieces of stumping. At present a one shot batsman, who must make an effort to develop his other natural strokes.

A. R. SMITH—Started bowling very well, but went off. He must be far more determined to try and bowl well, which he can do if he tries. His batting is very much of the axeman variety. Again he must make more effort to try and do what he is told. A good field.

J. G. NIVEN—Did not come on as well as was expected; far too inclined to play the ball at the last moment. Must rid himself of his lackadaisical attitude both in batting and fielding.

J. C. WHITTLE—Came into the side during the latter part of the season; he earned his place by keen fielding. His batting shows improvement, and he has the makings of a useful change bowler.

J. F. MOORE—A very useful hitter, who as yet has to learn to pick the right ball to hit. A good field in any position.

V. G. MOTHERWELL—Has the makings of a useful bat, but did not take it seriously enough; could have done better if he had tried. A useful but rather erratic change bowler. A very sound field.

H. G. NIVEN—Shows some considerable promise as an opening batsman. At present his shots lack punch, mainly due to his small stature, but he should get more power when he gets the timing right. Must make an effort to improve his catching; however, his ground fielding has greatly improved.

G. F. MACKIE—Rather a disappointing fast bowler, who is still far too erratic. His batting is still very stiff; could hit the ball really hard if he would loosen himself up. A fair field, but poor catch.

R. M. DAY—Looks as though he should make runs, but failed to get them owing to his lack of ability to loosen up. A fair change bowler, much improved and energetic field.

« FOOTBALL »

Shawnigan Lake School vs. Optimists—Won 16-12

AS a curtain raiser to the School's Fixture List a scratch side of Old Boys and Masters, mostly not quite in the pink of condition, did duty in place of the usual sacrificial second fifteen on October 26th. The game might have been much more one-sided had not the School outsiders, with the exception of Whittle and Newton, chosen to be peculiarly ham-handed; at least, that was the impression gleaned from the referee's curses, not loud but deep. The School forwards were more nimble and together than the Optimist pack, which resembled a trailing cloud, but not of glory. However, as the game wore on the Optimist forwards heeled the ball quite surprisingly often, and the outsiders made several thrustful runs. The School forwards were decidedly superior in the line out, where they should not have been. Hicks opened the scoring for the School by giving the veteran fullback the slip, and Smith ii and Reynolds also scored tries, the latter converting one. For the Optimists, D. C. Ellis dropped a goal, the score at half time being 11-4. The Optimists increased their total shortly afterwards with a converted try by Robertson, but the School offset this by a converted try of Mackie's. In the dying moments of the game Barker crossed for the Optimists for an unconverted try.

SHAWNIGAN LAKE SCHOOL: Moore; Hicks, Smith i, Niven i, Burchard; Mackie, Newton; Whittle; Reynolds i, Tupper i, McIntosh, Budd, Gardner, Oakes, Smith ii.

OPTIMISTS: Capt. Palin; P. C. Pearce, D. C. Barker, D. F. Robertson, P. Bradford; A. F. Trotman, T. C. Tryon; D. C. Ellis; E. H. Bayly, C. W. Twite, P. Skrimshire, J. Skrimshire, G. Pownall, R. Thwaites, M. C. Ellis.

Shawnigan Lake School vs. Wanderers Whites—Lost 0-20.

There was steady rain during the whole game, when the School played Wanderers Whites from Victoria on the afternoon of November 11th. The Wanderers were the heavier side and their forwards used their greater weight to advantage in the loose, the scrum being responsible for quite as many tries as the outsiders. The School pack, though without Reynolds to lead them and do the hooking, had the larger share of the ball from the set scrums, but the outsiders, though making some good runs, could not penetrate their opponents' defence. Niven i tackled well, but his kicking was poor. The School side was re-arranged from the previous match, Budd coming out of the scrum to play half and Whittle moving back to partner Newton at five eighths.

The Wanderers attacked almost from the start, keeping the School on the defensive most of the first half, in which they scored three unconverted tries. Relief came to the School only through free kicks given against the Wanderers, whose forwards showed a marked tendency to get offside. Just before half time the School pack broke away, when a good passing movement almost brought a score.

The second half was very much a repetition of the first, the Wanderers putting on a goal and two tries, though the School put up a good fight all the way.

SHAWNIGAN LAKE SCHOOL: Niven i; Hicks, Smith i, Mackie, Burchard; Whittle, Newton; Budd; Wilson i, Tupper i, McIntosh, Gardner, Smith ii, Oakes, Gregory.

Shawnigan Lake School vs. University School—Won 36-0

On November 30th the School beat University School at Shawnigan on a day ideal for rugby. The foundation of the School's victory lay in the machine-like heeling of the forwards, who gave their outsides every opportunity. They were nearly as good in the line-out where Wilson's height was a great asset. Outside the scrum Torland replaced Budd at half and McIntosh was played on the wing in place of Burchard, who was crocked. In the first half the handling of the outsides was uncertain, but in the second half there was a great improvement and their combination was very good. Newton was the out-



1st RUGBY FIFTEEN
1934-35

Back Row: J. F. McIntosh, J. D. Seaton, A. C. Campbell, T. A. Wilson, G. C. H. Tupper, J. G. Niven, D. G. Harris. Middle Row: J. S. Humphreys, G. W. Reed, D. A. Dawson, J. C. Whittle, A. T. Rogers. Front Row: G. F. Mackie, V. G. Motherwell, J. W. Reynolds.

standing player and he can seldom have played better, while Mackie was also prominent.

The University School forwards worked hard all the time and broke through quickly, Teagle being untiring in his efforts, but it was impossible to gauge the capabilities of their back division in attack as they were given no opportunities.

The School were almost continually on the attack in the first half. McIntosh opened the scoring after three minutes' play, and shortly after Gardner almost added another try, only being held up when over the line. After quarter of an hour Whittle scored a try, having first tried to drop a goal. This was one of only three tries converted out of ten. Newton then made two vain efforts to drop a goal. University School carried play to the other end as the result of an interception, but before half time the School scored again twice through Mackie. There might have been other tries had Moore run straight.

At the beginning of the second half Mackie made a fine individual run from the half way line to start the scoring. University School then took up the attack, but Newton broke away and Smith scored after a good three-quarter run. A certain try was lost soon after by Whittle knocking on. At this point Torland was hurt and had to go off, but with Whittle working the scrum three more tries came in quick succession as the result of good three-quarter movements, in two of which the forwards joined. The final score came from Whittle, who slipped over after a five-yard scrum.

It is a pity that the School, when watching, have become so apathetic. Apart from one spectator, who is an ardent soccer enthusiast, the School had no vocal support the whole afternoon.

SHAWNIGAN LAKE SCHOOL: Niven i; Moore, Smith i, Mackie, McIntosh; Whittle, Newton; Torland; Reynolds i, Tupper i, Wilson i, Smith ii, Gardner, Budd, Cooper.

Shawnigan Lake School vs. Brentwood College—Won 19-8

The return match between the School and Brentwood was played at Shawnigan on December 7th. A good, hard-fought game resulted, with Shawnigan winning by almost the identical score of the first game. As in the match against University School the previous week, the School's success was due to the precision with which the forwards heeled the ball. The good play of Brentwood's wing forwards and the marking up of their outsides prevented the School backs having things all their own way. They made many good runs, however, with Whittle and Mackie often cutting through the middle dangerously, and Burchard with his strong running on the wing being a constant menace to the opposing defence. Niven played a very steady game at full back. The forwards all worked hard and it would be invidious to pick out anyone above the others.

Brentwood were unfortunately without two of their best outsides and had the further misfortune of having to play the whole of the second half without Field. Their forwards played a spirited game and wisely kept the ball close, relying on foot rushes to carry the ball down the field. Rhodes, Ray and Izard were particularly prominent in the scrum. Behind the scrum Symons played a very sound game and was well backed up by Edge, whilst the defensive work of the whole team was good.

The first half started with Shawnigan attacking, and at the end of twelve

minutes they were eight points up through tries by Wilson and Whittle. Brentwood then fought back well and play was even until in the closing minutes of the half Mackie scored an unconverted try.

At the beginning of the second half Burchard scored two quick tries close to the corner flag by determined running, Reynolds converting one with a good kick. The attack then veered from one end of the ground to the other, in the course of which the Shawnigan outsiders carried out one magnificent movement. Their attack then faded away, and Brentwood, playing with great determination for the last ten minutes, scored two tries through Allan and Mitchell, the first of which was converted.

SHAWNIGAN LAKE SCHOOL: Niven i; Burchard, Smith i, Mackie, Moore; Whittle, Newton; Budd; Reynolds i, Tupper i, Wilson i, Mackintosh, Smith ii, Gardner, Oakes.

Shawnigan Lake School 2nd XV vs. Brentwood College 2nd XV— Draw, 6-6

The match was played at Brentwood on Saturday, November 30th, and resulted in an even draw 6-6. To begin with, play was almost confined to the School's 25, and Brentwood several times nearly scored, but sound tackling kept them out. After that play evened out, and from a passing movement in mid-field Hicks ran over for an unconverted try. At half-time the School was leading 3-0. Early in the second half the Brentwood right wing just got over in the corner, though half-tackled, and with the score level play moved quickly from one end to the other. Eventually Hicks was given the ball from a loose scrum and ran round the defence to score in the corner; this again was not converted. Brentwood tried hard to equalise, and at last after a forward rush down to our line, our forwards got off-side en masse, and Brentwood kicked a goal with the last kick of the game. The main feature of the game was the excellent tackling.

SHAWNIGAN LAKE SCHOOL: Fleck; Rhodes, Murphy, Hicks, Paterson; Hayward, Milne; Day ii; Davis i, Hartnell, Littlewood, Taylor, Kerr, Matthews i, Oakes.

Shawnigan Lake School 2nd XV vs. Brentwood 2nd XV

On December 11th Shawnigan 2nd XV played a return match with Brentwood at Shawnigan and won by 19 points to nil. The first half was fairly even; although Shawnigan were getting the ball from most of the scrums and line out, good tackling by Brentwood prevented the three-quarters from making much headway. The only score was a try by Hicks which was not converted. In the second half the Shawnigan forwards took charge of the game and gave their backs many opportunities. After a good three-quarter movement Griffiths scored. Good tackling prevented the Brentwood backs from ever becoming dangerous when they got the ball and most of the play was in the Brentwood half. Holland cut through the centre well to score Shawnigan's third try, and with Brentwood tiring, further tries were scored before the end by Hicks and Cooper. These last two were both converted by Hayward.

SHAWNIGAN LAKE SCHOOL: Fleck; Hicks, Murphy, Holland, Griffiths; Milne, Hayward; Day; Davis, Cooper, Gregory, Kerr, Hartnell, Taylor and Rhodes.

HOUSE NOTES

RIPLEY'S—

Mackie is still the revered Head of the House, he is assisted by Niven I and Tupper I as Prefects, and Reynolds I, Oakes, Newton, and Paterson as House Prefects.

We produced the best crop of "flanneled fools" last year, easily defeating Lake's and Groves'. Our "muddled oafs" were not quite so successful, being stopped by Groves' in a close game. House colours in cricket were awarded to Niven 2 and Moore. Niven I is Captain of the House Rugger and Vice-captain of the School team. This year First Fifteen colours have been awarded to Reynolds I, Mackie, Tupper I, and Newton. Besides these we have Moore, and Smith I, in the First Fifteen. We have hopes that, with this talent available, the House Rugger Cup might change hands.

We did well in the sports, Mackie winning the Senior Sports Cup, and Spencer I the Junior Cup.

In the Boxing we met with success, members of the House winning four weights and the Good Loser's Cup. It was in Fencing that we shone especially, for Yuill won the Junior Pool and Tryon the Senior Pool, neither of them losing an encounter. We were rather at sea on the Lake, and our only win was in the shell races, when we beat Lake's, only to lose to Groves' in the finals.

The death of Kerby, who was drowned in Active Pass last Christmas Eve and who was one of the older members of the House, was keenly felt by us. We still have a carving of the House crest, which he did, in our Senior Dormitory.

It is with great pleasure that we have seen that Steve Covernton has played very well for the Occasionals in Vancouver, also that he played for Vancouver against the U.B.C. and was the only outside mentioned on the Vancouver side as having played well. Desmond Bradford is playing Canadian football at the R.M.C. and is in the 1st team. He also held a temporary commission in the Royal Canadian Engineers this summer and hopes to get a commission in the Royal Engineers. It was very good to see an old member, in Bobbie Douglas, here during the Armistice week-end, and he is to be congratulated on being again elected President of the Old Boys' Club.

* * * *

LAKE'S—

Cross and Dawson left us at the end of last term, leaving the management of the House to Davis i, our only School Prefect. He is ably assisted by five House prefects, Wilson i, Gregory, Smith ii, Holland and Crofton.

Although our fifteen made a gallant fight we were badly defeated by Ripley's in the inter-house rugby. After the match and during the season, Smith ii, Corbett, Oliver, Kerr, and Pearce i were awarded their colours. With two stable members on the first XV and a generally stronger team this term we are optimistic about the future although we feel the loss of Dawson and Motherwell considerably.

Dawson and Holland won their respective weights in the boxing; Dawson was also in the senior fencing finals. Dawson and Pearce i won nearly all our points in the land sports, but in the water sports we only added eleven more which placed us third with a total of 57.

In cricket we drew a bye and played Ripley's in the finals, but were again defeated. Wilson i was awarded his colours after the match, and Day ii and Smith ii were awarded their colours while playing on different teams for the School.

We were beaten by Groves' in the rowing. Motherwell being unable to row in the finals, the crew comprised Dawson, Wilson i, Smith ii, Lake i, and the Cox, Day ii.

In return for six of our more prominent members who left last term we have eight new boys. Our ranks will be thinned by one more at Christmas when Wace ii goes aboard the training ship *Conway*.

The House again showed itself mightier with the pen than the cricket bat, making up in brain what it lacked in brawn by collecting fifty per cent of the handsomely bound volumes on Speech Day.

* * * *

GROVES'—

We have become rather a small house this term, having lost nine members and only having received one in return. However, we hope that what we have lost in quantity we shall make up in quality.

Whittle has, to our great satisfaction, become head of the house, ably assisted by Torland and Day i as house prefects.

In the Easter term we were at last enabled to regain the Rugby Cup which had been away from us for so long. As a matter of fact it looks as if we shall never see it even so, as it has been absent for the greater part of the term and, as far as we can find out, will be absent for the rest of it. As a consequence of their great show of prowess in the match, House Colours were awarded to Hayward and Gardner. Gardner also gained laurels by winning his weight in the boxing tournament. We congratulate McIntosh on winning his 1st XV colours.

In the land sports, our relay team ran its way to the glory that it had missed the year before through a very unfortunate accident. We congratulate Burchard and Budd on winning so many points in the Middle land sports. In the water sports we were equally successful, almost entirely monopolising each place in each senior event.

In the House Cricket matches we were rather unsuccessful, being beaten by Ripley's in the first round by four wickets. Harris, Day i and Seaton were awarded their House Colours.

In the shell race we came home in a blaze of glory, beating Ripley's in the final by a full length. In the cutter races also, our crew "brought home the bacon," losing sight of our competitors in both cases.

We congratulate Reed on winning the Efficiency Cup, Whittle on winning the Sportsmanship Cup, and Burchard on winning the Middle Sports Cup.

Our one worry this year is that we have no juniors to represent us in the sports. Charleson was a great boon to us last year, but he, unfortunately, has passed the junior stage and we are left without anyone.

Our famed radio has at last succumbed to the disastrous effects of old age, and, although negotiations were going on about replacing it, it looks as if we are not going to get another one.

On being consulted, the whole of the House voted unanimously that our skit was the best ever produced at this or any other Rag Concert.

It was with great regret that we learnt of the death of Woodward last summer holidays. He will always be remembered by the members of Groves' House who were here with him for his unfailing good naturedness and for the whole-hearted way in which he went about everything.



ON THE DIFFICULTIES OF STARTING A FORD

THE first difficulty is that the Ford, a Model T, will have been standing out in the frost all night, a factor which ensures that its radiator will either be frozen or emptied of all its water.

If perchance the owner remembered to drain the radiator on the previous evening it must now be refilled. Finding a suitable container with which to convey the water to the car, a distance of at least several hundred yards, always presents a difficulty. But after a diligent search a can may be found. The only one to be found will be one either with no spout at all, in which case the water goes all over the bonnet and into the engine, or else it will be so narrow that it will be impossible to fill the radiator in under a quarter of an hour.

Despite his cleverness in letting the water out of the radiator on the previous evening, the owner has forgotten to shut the tap and the water flows out almost as quickly as it is put in. Turning it off necessitates crawling underneath the car through rapidly enlarging spots of grease, oil and water. The tap, in all probability, is so stiff that a pair of pliers is needed to turn it off and by the time that they have been found the radiator has again drained itself dry. Nothing daunted, the owner starts all over again and in due course the radiator is filled.

After having tried in vain to make the engine fire by use of the self starter, the owner lifts up the front seat to find a jack. If fate is kind and the jack in its proper place, one of the back wheels will be jacked up while the other will have chocks put around it. The latter two procedures call for further groveling in the pools of grease, oil and water.

All is now in readiness for the cranking. This back-breaking exercise is broken up by frequent runnings back and forth to adjust the choke and ignition. After about a quarter of an hour of this the owner is about to give up when the engine gives a few encouraging splutters and he continues with renewed vigour. A few more minutes and the engine breaks into life.

Removing the jack will mean crawling through the puddle of grease, oil and water; to avoid this the owner pushes the car off the jack. It crashes to the ground and the engine stops dead.

If the owner is sufficiently lion-hearted to start the procedure all over again the engine may start running sometime in the near future. If he is not he can do no more than sell the car within the hour or drain the radiator and try again on the morrow.

ROWING

HOUSE RACES, JUNE, 1935

Inter-house races were rowed again this summer over the usual course—from the station to the boat-house. There were no second crew races. The feature of the races was the fast time in which the course was covered.

In the first heat of the cutter races Groves' beat Ripley's, and in the final they beat Lake's—on each occasion easily.

Time: 3 mins. 16 secs.

The results of the inter-house "fours" were as follows:

First Heat—Lake's vs. Ripley's

Ripley's were lucky with the toss and were able to choose their boat. Lake's in the heavier boat made much the steadier start, getting in 36 strokes in the first minute to Ripley's 37½. This gave them an initial lead of about half a length. Ripley's managed to draw level in the second minute and had acquired a three-quarters-of-a-length lead by King's Point. Lake's, continuing to row steadily, reduced their opponent's margin to a quarter of a length at the finish, but were unable to take the lead.

Time: 2 mins. 53 secs.

Final—Ripley's vs. Groves'

Ripley's made much the better start in this race, getting in 10, 19½, and 38 strokes in the first quarter, half, and full minute respectively. No. 3 in Groves' crew came off his slide, with the result that they rowed only 34 strokes in the same time. This may have been a blessing in disguise, because they got to work with such determination afterwards that they rapidly overhauled their rivals and beat them by a length.

Time: 2 mins. 46 secs.

The Crews

LAKE'S—Stroked by Lake, showed great promise during practice, but had unfortunately to reshuffle their crew for the races. Dawson was a tower of strength as No. 3.

GROVES'—The lightest of the three crews, as last year. They were well stroked by Rogers, and Harris at 3 was the School's most promising oarsman.

RIPLEY'S—Were a well-balanced crew from the point of view of weight. But in a race they were inclined to "clip their finishes" and row short. This is fatal in a heavy boat.

FENCING

Due largely to the encouragement offered to the sport by the new Salle D'Armes in the Hobby Shop Building, fencing made considerable strides in the course of the year. Unfortunately, no matches could be fought, but the School competitions proved that the standard was higher than in previous years. Most of the foil play was less wild, and the style shown by some of the competitors in the junior events was quite gratifying. Tryon, who won the senior competition, fenced well throughout and should develop into a good fencer. The junior competition was won by Yuill. Épée has been started, and it is hoped to hold a competition this year. Two matches have been arranged with the Victoria Fencing Club in which both foil and épée will probably be fought.

TENNIS

While the standard of play cannot be said to be very high, tennis is proving more popular every year, and during the summer term the courts were not often idle. In the School tournament Reed again won the senior singles, beating Whittle in the final. The junior singles were won by Elverson.

BADMINTON

During the Christmas Term the Badminton Club seemed to be rather apathetic, but under the stimulus of the visit of a team to Duncan to play in the Junior Tournament, interest revived in the Easter Term. The School singles tournament provided some good matches, the final in particular affording a good exhibition of badminton. Whittle had been expected to win easily, but was fully extended by Newton. The junior singles were won by Elverson. In the Duncan tournament in which Whittle, Newton, Smith i, Day i, Mackie and Seaton took part, Newton reached the semi-final of the singles. Most of our other representatives were beaten in close games by players with greater tournament experience.

SPORTS

Event	Winner	Second	Third
House Sports Cup.....	Groves' (122 pts.)	Ripley's (89 pts.)	Lake's (51 pts.)
House Relay (Land).....	Groves' Rogers Burchard Harris Day i	Ripley's	Lake's
House Relay (Water).....	Groves' Rogers Whittle McIntosh Burchard	Ripley's	Lake's
Senior Cup.....	Mackie, 16 pts.	Reed, 8 pts. Dawson i	Rogers, 7 pts.
Middle Cup.....	Burchard, 21 pts.	Budd, 13 pts.	Pearce i, 12 pts.
Junior Cup.....	Spencer i, 14 pts.	Ley, 10 pts.	Wheeler, 9 pts.
SENIOR—			
100 Yards.....	Mackie	Day i	Rogers
$\frac{1}{4}$ Mile.....	Mackie	Harris	Tryon
$\frac{1}{2}$ Mile.....	Mackie	Seaton	Tryon
Long Jump.....	Reed	Dawson	Harris
High Jump.....	Dawson	Niven i	Mackie
Swimming—			
50 Yards.....	Rogers	Whittle	McIntosh
250 Yards.....	Humphreys	McIntosh	Rogers
Diving.....	Torland	Reed	McIntosh
MIDDLE—			
100 Yards.....	Burchard	Pearce i	Budd
$\frac{1}{4}$ Mile.....	Burchard	Budd	Pearce i
$\frac{1}{2}$ Mile.....	Pearce i	Budd	Burchard
Long Jump.....	Budd	Pearce i	Robertson
High Jump.....	Burchard	Wilson i	Robertson
Swimming—			
50 Yards.....	Burchard	Robertson	Budd
250 Yards.....	Robertson	Ridewood	Rendell
Diving.....	Rhodes	Milne	Hayward
JUNIOR—			
100 Yards.....	Spencer i	Wheeler	Hall
220 Yards.....	Spencer i	Charleson	Wheeler
Long Jump.....	Hall	Lake ii } Wheeler }	
High Jump.....	Charleson	Wheeler	Burns
Swimming—			
50 Yards.....	Ley	Lake ii	Spencer i
250 Yards.....	Ley	Spencer i	Lake ii
Diving.....	Burns	Towne ii	Lake ii

BOXING COMPETITION

Heavyweight—Dawson beat Humphreys.

Light Heavies—Mackie beat Reed.

Middleweight—Gardner beat Day i.

Welterweight—Niven i beat Oakes.

Lightweight—Holland beat Hayward.

Featherweight—Niven ii beat Wace ii.

Bantamweight—Wheeler beat Burns.

Good Loser's Cup—Oakes.



THE INTREPID

ON STEPPING aboard Mr. Murphy's yacht *Intrepid*, where she was moored at the outer wharf at Victoria, we were greeted by her captain. He, strangely enough, fulfilled all our preconceived ideas as to what the captain of a sailing ship should look like, being a stocky man with a rather red face and a hearty expression. We obeyed his invitation to step aboard with great alacrity and were sent forward to the chartroom to dispose of our coats. There we met the first mate, who took us up and showed us the bridge, from which vantage point we could get a fairly comprehensive view of the whole ship.

Just forward was the square-rigged foremast with its many yards recalling the days when all ships were square-rigged and hence had so much difficulty in sailing against the wind. Still further forward was the large winch used for hauling up the anchor. Beside this was a large coil of rope on top of the spare propeller. In front of the winch the deck stretched up to the bowsprit, perfectly bare except for the fore-peak hatch.

On the bridge itself, the most conspicuous objects were the electric steering gear, the engine-room telegraph, and a row of speaking tubes leading to various parts of the ship.

Just aft were two launches and two lifeboats. Between the launches was the funnel and aft of it was the main mast which, together with the mizzen mast, was rigged fore and aft. Then there was the bare deck stretching about fifteen feet aft to the forward end of the saloon, behind which was the mizzen mast. Aft of this again was the elevated poop on which were a couple of winches, the binnacle, the after wheel, an engine-room telegraph, a speaking tube to the bridge, and other miscellaneous pieces of apparatus, including two dinghies.

From the bridge we went below, where we saw an array of refrigerating plants, distilling apparatus and such minor appliances, as well as the main engine and another smaller Diesel running a generator. Aft of the engine room were the water and fuel tanks, which stretched right back to the stern, and a tool and spare parts room where practically any repair work could be done.

We then went up a deck and inspected the galley, the dining saloon, where we found a sumptuous array of good things to eat awaiting us, and the owner's section of the ship, which was so beautifully furnished that you might have thought that you were in a palace and not on board a ship.

As it was now getting rather late we took a last look around the ship, and then returned to the school, reflecting that we could always, when we were feeling down at heart, cheer ourselves by thinking back to that pleasant day on board the auxiliary barquentine *Intrepid*.

A MARI USQUE AD MARE

"HERE SHE COMES!" was the excited murmur which ran through a small crowd one fine June morning at the Seattle airport. And down sped the United Air Lines silver-grey monoplane from Vancouver. Out stepped the passengers, and "click" went the Press cameras as a celebrity alighted from the plane—none other than "Man-Mountain" Dean of wrestling fame. He certainly reassured me as to the carrying capacity of the machine. We were spared yet a few moments to make what we wrongly thought would be our last earthly contacts, as the plane was hitched by the tail to an ordinary "V8" and towed to the refuelling pumps. A moment or two later it reappeared and our prescribed forty-five pounds of baggage was pitched into its nose. Bidding my kind friends good-bye and steeling my shaky nerves, I walked to the mounting steps, doing my best to assume the nonchalant air of a J. Wellington Wimpy.

In we climbed and took our seats, while the stewardess handed me a small packet containing gum and cotton-wool. I made no use of the latter as the engines were pleasantly quiet, but the former I chewed with gusto just to ease my nerves. Just then the engines began to tick over, the door was locked tight from the outside and at 11:10 a.m. we taxied across to the far end of the field and turned into the wind. Meanwhile the stewardess strapped us in and gave us the morning's paper to read. Then with a roar we began to take-off, and with a peculiar sensation running through our bones the great plane rose gently into the air, leaving the airport, the houses and the trees hundreds of feet below.

My seat was so placed that I looked directly out on to the expansive wing. In order to see the ground I had to look either forward or back over its edge. Perhaps this was just as well, for this was my first experience of the kind: and it was only the reassuring smile of the stewardess that gave me any reason to think things were normal. Every now and again we ran into the occasional "bump," and one could see the wing tips swaying up and down as the machine found her level course. The Olympic mountains were over to our right, the Cascades to the left, and one caught glimpses of Mt. Baker and Mt. Rainier in the North and East. Beneath us was a vast expanse of water, forest and field, but the "ceiling" was low and we ran into many a cloud-bank. It was not long before we spotted Tacoma down on our right. But we flew over it (quite close enough!) and slid gently down to its airport, some distance from the city. Off we took again after a short stop, but unfortunately the stewardess paid me no attention this time, and I had a feeling as if something had died inside me. For a while the scenery was lovely, but we soon ran into another cloud-bank, and I felt as if I was in a complete fog in more senses than one. On droned the engines like Grey's elegiac beetle—mm-mm--mm--mm, and, as I could see nothing outside, I took a glance round the inside of my airy prison. In the front of the machine the two pilots had their control-room, with all their gear and instruments, including a couple of revolvers (just to see we behaved ourselves!). On the partition facing us were two notices—one giving us the names of our pilots and stewardess; the other, an illuminated sign saying "Please tighten belts": "No smoking while this sign is on." Seating accommodation is provided for ten passengers, five on each side of a central gangway. Each

seat has its own unopenable window. If air is needed a passenger opens up a few small holes in the side by means of a screw-knob. The upholstery of the seats is green, as are also the neat uniforms worn by the stewardesses. And they are most soothing to the eye—both the seats and the stewardesses, I mean. At the back there is a wash-room.

All this time we had been climbing to get above the clouds, and at length we were clear of them. The view below was marvellous, interspersed as it was with small "cumulus" clouds. But we did not stay up long as we were nearing Portland, "City of Roses." As we descended we had an extensive view of the Columbia River. At one time it seemed almost as if we were going to land in the river itself, as it flanks the airport.

We changed planes, pilots and stewardesses at Portland and left at 12:30 p.m. Our stream-lined all-metal machine took off after a five-minute wait, retracted its undercarriage and flew due East to Pendleton along the course of the river. The Columbia River is 1400 miles long, 7 miles wide at the mouth and is navigable for 400 miles—the second largest navigable river in the U.S.A. To the Southwest was Mt. Hood (altitude 11,000 ft.) and to the North Mt. Adams (altitude 12,000 ft.) and Mt. Ranier (altitude 14,400 ft.). These snow-capped peaks looked even more majestic from the air than from the ground. At this point of the journey I was given a very nice bunch of various meat sandwiches, cookies, ice-cream and coffee (all included in my ticket, too!). We landed at Pendleton at 1:40 p.m. and soon left for Boise. Our flight here was over endless rolling wheat-lands and followed the course of the Old Oregon trail. Less than a century ago pioneers spent three months travelling from the Great Salt Lake to Oregon territory. We crossed it in a few hours. Far below we saw the plane which was doing the opposite run. The prevailing winds were in our favour, so we flew high. They lessened their resistance by flying low.

We were now coming into the "hot-belt" with the result that the ride was much more "bumpy." Normally one uses one's strap for take-offs and landings only. Here we were ordered to strap up because of the rough going. Soon after crossing the Snake River we reached Boise. I took the opportunity at this stop of watching the refuelling and starting. On occasions like this the engines were started with the aid of external electricity and a long connection. The plane's own batteries are not used in order that they may be as full as possible for any emergency while in flight. I found out these Boeing "Wasps" in spite of their high cruising speed of three miles per minute have a landing speed of only 58 M.P.H. They need a take-off run of 770 feet. Their wing span is 74 feet, and their weight, fully loaded, $6\frac{1}{2}$ tons.

We left Boise at 3:15 p.m. It was about a three-hour journey to Salt Lake City and the journey was much the same as has already been described except for one very bad jump which threw us out of our seats—not an air-pocket, but the vertex of a climb. It was difficult to gauge our speed. The best idea of it could be obtained from birds, which seemed to be flying backwards all the time at great speed. We flew across the Salt Lake which is 80 miles long and looked down on the salt flats, where a few weeks later Sir Malcolm Campbell was to travel 100 M.P.H. faster than we were actually going at the time. The Salt Lake is saltier than any body of water except the Dead Sea. It has a salt density of 17% or $3\frac{1}{2}$ times that of the ocean. Salt Lake City is the centre of the Church of Latter Day Saints or Mormons. Mormons left the Missouri River

in April, 1847, and under the leadership of Brigham Young reached the shores of the Salt Lake in July after extreme hardships. There is a monument in the city to some sea-gulls who in these early days rid their crops of a certain pest that was destroying them. We reached the airport at 6:10 p.m., and after the air-conditioned coolness of the plane it was an odd sensation stepping out into an oven-heat of 100° F. in the shade.

After watching the connecting plane come in from Oakland, California, we took on a full complement of passengers for the East. On leaving Salt Lake we had to cross the Wasatch range of mountains, giving us the strange feeling of running into a brick wall. However, we cleared the top somehow, by a few inches. Soon after, we ran into a rain storm and we had the satisfaction of seeing, most of us for the first time, a complete circular rainbow. Apparently the bottom half is only visible from great heights. It was just about here also that the stewardess had difficulty with the thermos-flasks owing to the altitude. Letters and post-cards which I wrote at this stage were posted for me free gratis and for nothing. Darkness soon came on, giving us a good excuse for conversation with our fellow-passengers. At 9 p.m. we arrived at Cheyenne, where the airport is 6,200 feet above sea level. From Cheyenne to Omaha, reached at 1:05 a.m., is the country of the Great Plains. Here one can obtain a rough idea of the organisation required for the operation of an air-route. The plane is equipped with radio telephone transmitting and receiving apparatus to enable pilots to talk with operators at ground stations located at every airport where a stop is scheduled. In addition to voice communication, there is the U. S. Department of Commerce directive radio beacon service. As they fly along the airway, the pilots hear a continuous radio "hum" in their earphones. If they veer slightly off course, this signal changes to warn them of deviation. There are intermediate landing fields located every 30 to 50 miles for emergency. There are 24-inch 2,000,000-candle-power revolving beacons situated every 10 to 20 miles. Moreover, the pilots constantly receive the latest weather reports from special airway reporting stations. We could see the ground lights all along our course, where it was clear.

It was not long before we had an excellent example of the working of the system. Just after leaving Omaha, our pilots received a message to the effect that we were heading into a thunderstorm centred over Des Moines and that the airport there was closed. We could ourselves see the lightning. Suddenly the plane nosed up to the left in a steep bank and headed back for Omaha. Once more we saw the criss-cross lights on the ground of the airport, and after leaving some Des Moines passengers to catch a later plane, we headed again for Chicago. (We were thirteen on board when we had run into the storm!) Now we climbed and climbed to 11,000 feet in the amazingly rapid time of 11 minutes and flew well above the storm, keeping that altitude all through the sleepless night.

At about 3:30 a.m. the first glimmerings of "early-rising, rosy-fingered Dawn" appeared. I was reminded of Rupert Brooke's poem "Dawn."

*"Opposite me two Germans sweat and snore (read engines)
Through sullen swirling gloom we jolt and roar.
We have been here for ever: even yet
A dim watch tells two hours, two æons, more.*

*The windows are tight-shut and slimy-wet
With a night's fætor. There are two hours more;
Two hours to dawn and Milan; two hours yet. (read Chicago)
Opposite me two Germans sweat and snore. . . ."*
Etc.

mm-mm-mm-mm; on went the droning engine's hum. And yet by the end of the run we had established quite an affection for these trusty friends.

As the sun crept up the effect was that of raising a stage curtain. A marvellous vista opened up before our eyes. Beneath was a soft cotton-wool blanket of cloud, around us the clear, cool, crystal air. Now and again one could catch a glimpse of the ground, 11,000 feet below. Then all of a sudden the first vein of the blood-red sun appeared above the horizon, the clouds were shot through and through with the gold and the red of its rays, and far away massive cloud-bergs (to coin a word) glistened with their snow-white faces. For one brief moment I caught sight of Lake Michigan, a molten lake of gold. Would that it had been possible to remain up there above the drabness of earth. But our spell of life in this new-found Cloud-Cuckoo-land was short, and with a nasty jolt came the realization that we were descending. Down, down, down she came, plunging into the fleecy clouds like a bather diving into water. Lower and lower still until she finally glided into the rain-soaked misty airport of Chicago. There, all was dull, dreary and dismal. One almost felt like paraphrasing the elder Cato—"Delanda est Chicago!"

5:20 a.m. and away we went on the final hop. The run was cloudy and did not afford us many views. We passed over Fort Miami, over which the flags of France, England and the U.S.A. have successively flown; over Toledo and Lake Erie, and only came down in order to land at Cleveland. 7:30 a.m. Shortly after leaving Cleveland we were able to see the peculiar double-S-formation of the Allegheny mountains. The Airway leads over the Allegheny Escarpment which leads East and West across New York State, then southward along the southern shore of Lake Erie and then directly south across Ohio. Somewhere beneath us was Titusville, Pa., where oil was first drilled in 1859.

And so to New York, which was reached at 10 a.m. Three times we had put our watches forward an hour in crossing the continent, so that it was only a mere twenty hours before that we had left the Pacific Coast. *Mirabile Dictu!* It was strange indeed to "wake up" and find oneself in New York. For that was the sensation. And the only thing to remind me of the fact that I had flown the distance was the mm-mm-mm-mm-mm which was to remain in my ears for quite a while. So ended a most eventful experience.

So far, so good. But a question comes to mind from all this, which contains no animosity towards our American hosts and friends. Why was it not possible to make this flight across Canada? Or perhaps it would be better to word the question thus: "When will it be possible to make such a flight across Canada?" This article is intended to arouse concern and dissatisfaction in the minds of a small, perhaps negligible, body of citizens at the backward state of Canadian aviation. And yet, why? There is no lack of Canadian pilots and no dearth of courageous pioneers. In fact the opposite is the truth. Canadians make some of the best pilots. At the end of the war almost 50% of the R.A.F. pilots and personnel were Canadians. Nor is it due to lack of money, but rather

to a happy-go-lucky attitude (excellent in its way) which thinks that it will all turn out all right in the end.

Canada must develop her aviation for three reasons; the first is her internal development, the second is her overseas trade, the third her own security in time of war.

Fortunately something is being done to achieve the first and third considerations. A series of landing grounds are being prepared after the American model about thirty miles apart from Halifax to Vancouver. These are to be ready for use quite soon, and should be equally useful for either commercial or military purposes. It must be remembered that the effectiveness of all kinds of aerial transport operations depends as much upon ground organization as upon the efficiency of the aircraft in use. But surely more could be done to use the aeroplane for opening up the vast northern regions. And is it too fantastic to say that most of the flying from eastern Europe and Western Asia to this continent will be done by way of the Polar regions and Canada's northern islands?

And what of Canada's external air-connections? Every day the press contains reports of America's great attempt to span the Pacific by air (only lately we have seen the *China Clipper* make that dream a reality), Britain's extension of her air lines to Hong-Kong, Germany's route to South America. But not a word of Canada, a nation more vitally interested in the problems of transportation than the majority of others. And yet the gateway to this continent is by Canada. Montreal is nearer London and Chicago than is New York. The great circle between London and Chicago runs through Montreal. A Japanese, Chinese or a Russian aviator would fly to San Francisco nine times out of ten by way of Canada. To this must be added considerations inherent in the words of the trade mission sent by the Canadian Chamber of Commerce to the Orient in 1930, "Japan, China and Hong-Kong constitute Canada's richest potential market."

Moreover the conquest of the air has completely changed the question of the security of Canada. She need no longer hide behind the Monroe Doctrine or the British Navy. And as her southern boundary is probably the most secure in the world, she need only defend her coasts. A few aircraft carriers at Esquimalt and Halifax would render her independent of other powers for protection. At the moment her principal training centre is on the North shore of Lake Ontario, at Trenton, but it is 1000 miles from the East Coast and 2000 miles from the West.

And who knows that the cause of world peace in the next hundred years may not lie in the air forces of the British Dominions. as it did in the navy of Great Britain between 1815-1914. Is Canada ready to join in this responsibility?

Wake up, Canada!



SUNSET

THE golden sun is slowly setting behind low hills to the west, tinting a few feathery clouds, which are lazily drifting through the evening air, a glorious pink. There is no sound in the foliated look-out on the cliff top, where I am standing, save a gentle rustling of leaves moved by a light breeze.

A few hundred feet below white waves are forever lapping on the broad

sandy beach, while a short distance from shore little fishing smacks are hovering between lines of bobbing corks which mark their nets. Farther out in the gulf little pleasure yachts with cream coloured sails are on the homeward tack before the light breeze.

Across the blue stretch of water green mountains with bare peaks of purple-hued rock rise sheer from the shore. In the distance range upon range of snow-capped mountains rear white summits as they merge into the horizon.

On a rocky promontory opposite stands a lighthouse whose white walls and red conical roof are glistening with a sparkling brilliance.

Around a headland the *Empress of Canada* slowly and majestically glides past. As if by a visible effort the sun remains poised above the hills in its decline for its rays to reflect in a thousand different lights from windows, portholes, brass work, gleaming white sides and green waterline. A bow wave darts from the prow to be rapidly overtaken by the angry wash of twin propellers. A yellow customs plane swoops above like an angry hornet while the fishing smacks and sailing yachts have scurried close in to shore leaving the *Empress*, returning from the Orient, supreme. After a few minutes the sun slips below the hills and the ship is gone, leaving an ever widening foaming wake which soon will be crashing on the beach below.

As I wend my way back through the quiet sombre trees the sun has set, leaving only a crimson glow to combat the encroaching twilight.

—"ATHOS."



A BROADCAST

THE other afternoon, as I was idly turning the dial of my radio, I suddenly heard the following broadcast:

"Good afternoon, folks. This is your sports announcer, Homer, bringing you the Greeks vs. Trojans game with the compliments of Jason & Co., makers of the world-famous Argos-type boats, guaranteed to stand the harshest treatment. Well, folks, it sure is a great day down here at Troy and we're looking forward to some scrap. I'm afraid we are a bit late starting, but the Greek team didn't arrive on time: they had some trouble with the ferry, which was delayed by head winds, until Captain Agamemnon very nobly sacrificed his daughter and told her she couldn't come and see the game because the ferry was overloaded already. However, they are all coming out onto the field now and the game will soon start. The Greeks look mighty nice in their silver helmets and uniforms. There goes Agamemnon; he's playing left tackle today; and I see that Mr. Odysseus, the coach, is sending in Achilles first too: that boy has a big reputation back in Greece and maybe we shall see something good from him today. I can see a lot of distinguished spectators down there in the stands. There is Vulcan, the all-Olympian quarter-back, still using a stick from that leg injury he got when the Gods played the Giants. There's Hermes, too, one of the quickest broken-field runners ever seen in the game. Bacchus is parading round the ground now at the head of a fifty-piece band of Bacchanals. Now they are wheeling round and forming up into a big wine-jar formation down at the south end. But there goes the whistle! The Trojans have kicked off, a long high kick down the middle of the field: they are following up fast. Ajax has caught the ball: he is running it back—five, ten, fifteen yards. He is tackled

on his own thirty-yard line. I couldn't see who made that tackle; just a minute, please. Oh yes, it was Hector. Hector, number one for the Trojans, made that tackle, putting Ajax down hard on his own thirty-five-yard line. Now the Greeks have possession of the ball, so they are going into a huddle. They are out of it again. Achilles is calling the signals. It's a line back, Philoctetes carrying the ball and going hard through the centre of the Trojan line for a gain of two yards before being dog-piled. The referee, Mr. Zeus, is sending Philoctetes to the showers for being foul, so foul in fact that the ref. couldn't stand him any longer—"

At this point unfortunately my radio broke down and would produce nothing but squeals and grunts. I worked feverishly over it, but it was a long time before I could get it mended, and when I finally tuned in again the game was over.

"Well, folks, that's that! The Greeks have won by that final touchdown, scored thanks to the tricky fake play introduced by Coach Odysseus which got right inside the Trojan defences. That sure was a dandy piece of work. And now I am going to ask Mr. Odysseus to say a few words to you about the game. Mr. Odysseus." "Good afternoon, everybody. I'm mighty pleased we won, but it sure was a hard fight. That boy Hector looked mighty dangerous for a while, and I think maybe I made a mistake in putting Achilles on the bench at the beginning of the last quarter; but anyhow he certainly gave Hector the works when he got back in the game. He's a fine player is Achilles, though he was a bit worried by that poisoned ankle of his today. I kept that last play under my hat till the very end, because I figured it would have the Trojans guessing, but the boys sure put it over swell. There was only one Trojan left standing at the end of it—that little guy, Aeneas, who was quick enough to get out of the way." "Thank you, Mr. Odysseus. And now, folks, just a word about Jason's boats. Remember that if you ever want to go fleecing anybody, first get an Argos-type boat with an Orpheus self-starter and all the latest fittings. It will never let you down. This is Homer speaking over station I L I A D. Good afternoon, everybody."



M. LAPIN AGAIN

I DID not feel it would be right to leave France, where I had been travelling, without paying my respects to Monsieur le Capitaine Lapin. In spite of his eccentric behaviour on the only occasion on which he went with our Natural History Society, I still had a high regard for him and for his intriguing nomenclature of zoological specimens.

When I arrived at his house the good captain greeted me in the affectionate manner of his countrymen, which made me immediately aware that he had omitted to shave that morning. Although the day was in its infancy he insisted on my sampling the bouquet of his most prized vintages, which had the effect of putting us on very good terms with each other and induced that pleasant, reminiscent mood, more often attained as the evening shadows lengthen. After dwelling on our Canadian experiences, by way of flattering my host I enquired whether he had any trophies of the chase to show me. But yes: of course he had. I must come at once to his museum. The captain was now in such splendid form

as a result of his potations that I felt sure I should glean some most enlightening information.

On entering the museum my attention was attracted by a fine, blue Belgian hare. I remarked on the excellence of the specimen, but Lapin would have none of it. Belgian hare, *mon dieu!* Was it that I did not recognize the Welsh Rabbit when I saw one? Truly rare, but to be met with on the slopes of Snowdon where its colour would acclimatise, oh so nicely, with the snows.

But I must regard the stuffed bird close by. A *chef d'oeuvre* was it not? I agreed that it was a clever mounting of a wood pigeon. A wood pigeon? But where was my knowledge that I did not know the stool pigeon? This impudent rascal, was he not always hanging round the back door, where he had no business, in the hopes of picking up tit bits?

Where, I asked, were the big game. It was only necessary that I should look at the floor, where I was at that moment standing on the skin of a bugbear. And what a terror he had been! And in front of the fireplace did I not see the yellow coat of a dandelion, which he had picked off on the veldt?

My gaze was then attracted by a mountain goat, which, I suggested, he had shot in the Rockies on his way across Canada. But what insult that I should think it anything so common. For I should know that this was one of the almost extinct Jewish scapegoats my host had shot in Palestine. After this *faux pas* I became interested in a lynx, and not being sure of its genus I enquired of Lapin, who had no hesitation in asserting that it was a cufflynx. By the time he had shown me the tooth of a firedog and the scale of a snapdragon I was hard put to it to keep a straight face. In our perigrinations we had now arrived beneath a pair of horns. Lapin was momentarily at a loss, but the puzzled expression soon cleared from his face as he confidently asserted they were the horns of a dilemma. I mildly suggested a llama, surely. To settle the point he climbed up to read what was written below, but losing his balance he fell between two stools and then at last I could give vent to my feelings without hurting his.



THE CONCERT

UPON entering the big school on Saturday evening, the ninth of November, for the annual rag concert, we sat down and took stock of our surroundings. The curtain, adorned with the School crest and colours, hung in front of the stage in the centre, while amidst the beams was the Star-spangled banner. A profusion of small flags covered the steps up to the stage and the side fixtures.

We had just found out from our programmes that "The League of Nations" was the first tableau, when the curtain rose. A gorgeously arrayed Haile Selassie, seated on a throne, was holding his court of league delegates, who were grouped around him in a semicircle, with Mussolini himself only a yard from the monarch. His shadow sang a song of fidelity to Selassie, and Gugsu a song of hate to a number of delegates. When the court had filed out Selassie and Mussolini heartily shook hands.

When the lights went on again we could take stock of the spectators: Strathcona, a number of old boys and parents, and the school filled the hall. For the following four intervals two amateur rough-housers performed for us. One would enter by the window, door, or balcony, whichever proved con-

venient, and begin to play the piano, while the other would steal up behind and drag him out along the floor.

When the curtain rose for the second item a heroine and her family were being turned out of their home, as she refused to marry the villain or pay the mortgage. The hero's intervention at the critical moment saved her life, after she had been laid on the railway tracks by the villain as the train, which actually materialized, was approaching. This was easily the best turn of the evening.

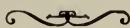
In the next act we had an insight into what the average boy really imagines goes on in the Masters' Common Room, how they apparently gloat over a boy caught doing wrong, what puns they make, and how they discuss co-sines. We also learned why a staff rugby team is not formed, and some of the excuses put forward to avoid playing.

We then had a brief glimpse of Mr. Segar's characters, Popeye and Mr. Geezil, as they lunched at Wimpy's restaurant, while Toar stood in the background. There followed a shadow play in which a patient was "opened up" with a hatchet and had many amazing things taken from his stomach.

After the intermission we saw Caesar, who, after asking the omens of the haruspex and meting out justice to many plaintiffs, incurred their wrath and was murdered. As he was expiring, "Surgery Ne-ow" was opportunely called. A master and four boys, dressed for early morning rugby practice, demanded "Koko" from Mr. Gim, as they were getting old and the morning was cold. They also praised Tiny the strong and Cicero the trymaker. In the following act a butler admitted a stranger who, after a few formalities, obtained some plans from him by holding him up. By pretending to be electrocuted when opening the door, the butler got the gun and held up the stranger till his master arrived.

The ninth act was an election scene, complete with inebriated local yokel chairman and hecklers in the audience. In quick succession we heard Messrs. Aberhart, McGeer, Woodsworth, Bennett and King, each with their several promises.

The concert ended with community singing. We went behind the scenes to help dismantle the stage, but found the dangers from falling hammers, pieces of two by four, and such like too numerous, and so retired to bed.



THE LIBRARY

The following books have been added to the Library during the last year: Beggars' Horses, P. C. Wren; Ships in the Bay, The Dark Mile and The Flight of the Heron, D. K. Broster; David and Destiny, Ian Hay; The Brother of Daphne, and Jonah & Co., Dornford Yates; Jalna, and Whiteoaks of Jalna, M. de la Roche; The Jestling Army, Ernest Raymond; Raiders of the Deep, Lowell Thomas; Men Against the Sea, C. Nordhoff and J. N. Hall; King of the Khyber Rifles, Talbot Mundy; Two Black Sheep, Warwick Deeping; The Return of Bulldog Drummond, "Sapper"; Celebrated Cases of Charlie Chan, E. D. Biggers; The Hash Knife Outfit, and Tales of Lonely Trails, Zane Grey; Over the River, and Maid in Waiting, John Galsworthy; Heroes of Modern Adventure, T. C. Bridges and H. H. Tiltman; The Arches of the Years, H. Sutherland; Birds of Canada, P. S. Tauverner; Oliver Cromwell, John Buchan;

Mr. Fortune's Trial, Bailey; Cappy Ricks, Kyne; Mr. Pepper, Thomson; The Free Fishers, The Courts of the Morning, and A Prince of Captivity, Buchan; The Scarlet Stripe, Taffrail; The Wings of Adventure, Gibbs; A Knight on Wheels, Ian Hay; Captain Blood Returns, Sabatini; Very Good, Jeeves, and Money for Nothing, Wodehouse; The Ostrekoff Jewels, Oppenheim; The Golden Scorpion, Rohmer; The Advance of Science, Davis; The Lion, and The Congorilla, Johnson; The Lives of a Bengal Lancer, Yeats-Brown; Lad of Sunnybank, Terhune; The Snows of Helicon, Tomlinson; Mutiny on the Bounty, Nordhoff and Hall; Good-bye Mr. Chips, Hilton; Great Pirate Stories, French; The War as I Saw It, Scott; Brazilian Adventure, Fleming; In Search of England, Morton; Russia's Iron Age, Chamberlin; Science for a New World, Thomson.



O, SI SIC OMNES

His parents left him with high hopes
That he would knowledge gain,
Not realising that he was
A boy of little brain.

Whenever he was late for class,
At which he was adept,
His face was sadly penitent.
You felt he almost wept.

On Sundays, singing in the choir,
His lusty voice was heard
So loud above the other parts,
It sounded quite absurd.

He often visited his fort,
Where he indulged in food
Instead of poring over books,
A practice he eschewed.

He nightly played the saxophone
And gravely pained the ear
With high, discordant melodies,
Or dirges slow and drear.

Undaunted he at any game
By coach's mighty din.
Sarcasm could not penetrate
The thickness of his skin.

Now when matriculation came,
He was distressed to find
That all the work he should have done
Had quite escaped his mind.

So having failed in his exam,
He quickly left the school,
Prepared to be a business man
Chained to an office stool.

TO VICTORIA BY BUS

AT ABOUT a quarter past nine on a Wednesday morning, we started from the school towards the village, where we intended to catch the ten o'clock bus to Victoria. We strode along quite cheerfully, since we were annoying various masters by missing their classes. We passed the garden, where the gardener was very busy trying to envelop himself, and the dreary-looking dead plants which he had piled in orderly rows beside him, in a dense cloud of white smoke. Then we went out through the school gate and along the road beside the lake, on the surface of which, much to our surprise, we saw a thin layer of ice that had formed the night before. As we continued on our way we passed the boat house, where one of the cutters had sunk again and was resting on its side in the mud looking very forlorn. Walking briskly on, we soon reached the railway crossing, where we had to wait for a few minutes for a train to complete its switching operations, and climbed the hill to the village post office, where we were to buy our tickets.

The post office is built onto the front of a very pleasant yellow stucco house in which the postmaster and his family live. As you go in, you see, directly opposite the door, a row of little numbered compartments in some of which are letters, while others are empty. Next to these is the window into the inner office in which is usually seated either the postmaster or his wife. This morning it happened to be his wife, who, after bidding us good morning, asked us what we wanted. We asked for two return tickets to Victoria, and, while she was getting them ready, took the opportunity to have a look about us. The post office was a small room about six feet by twelve. Opposite the door were the compartments where the mail was placed, since there was no delivery. Next to the door, to the left as you came in, was a window, and in the left wall there was another which lighted a writing table. On the rear wall next to the window was a proclamation declaring that balloting would be opened in the Duncan city hall on November the seventh. By the time we had noted all this, the postmistress had finished our tickets and now told us to go up and wait in the big car parked on the hillside opposite the post office.

We got in and had waited a few minutes when the side door of the post office opened and the postmaster came out, followed by a small terrier who, when the door was opened, leaped into our laps where he proceeded to make himself completely at home. As soon as everybody was settled satisfactorily, we started on our way to meet the bus at the Millstream store on the Island Highway. When we arrived, the bus was not there, and so we waited in the car for it to come. After a short space of time, the sound of its horn was heard over the hill and it drew up beside us.

We got in and, as soon as the driver and the postmaster had completed their arrangements in the rear, which seemed to necessitate the unloading and reloading of all the baggage on the bus, we started for Victoria.

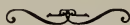
The bus went fairly fast and soon reached the ferry slip, where it had to wait for a few minutes while the ferry was completing the operation of docking, which seemed to be very complicated, requiring much quick starting and stopping of the engine. At last, however, she was suitably placed and we were able to go aboard.

We spent half an hour on the ferry crossing the bay. On our right the

bluffs rose almost straight out of the water, so that the whole side of the bay resembled the side of a huge green bathtub with two dirt rings, the road and the railway track, about half way up.

On the other side were the farms and villages which dot the whole of the Saanich peninsula. Soon we passed an island in the middle of the bay with a small lighthouse at one end, which, although it was broad daylight, was flickering on and off. Passing this, we came in sight of Brentwood Bay, in which there were innumerable fishing boats of all descriptions, ranging from a rather the worse for wear dinghy with an outboard motor, to a luxurious 30-ft. yacht. Just beside this motley collection of craft was the slip, and, accordingly, the ferry slowed down and, making a wide turn, headed in the general direction of the landing place. After bouncing back and forth between the dolphins, she was finally satisfactorily docked and we were able to disembark.

The rest of our journey was through the Saanich peninsula with its many pretty hills and valleys. The bus soon passed the Dominion Observatory, which was invisible until we arrived directly below it, since it was almost the same colour as the sky. Shortly after this we began to come into the outskirts of Victoria. In a very short time we reached the bus station, where we got out, very glad to have finished our journey.



To be, to be a lawyer
Has always been my aim,
With a very lucrative clientele
And a K.C. after my name.

I've dreamed of stalking into court
Arrayed in wig and gown,
To move the soul of my breathless jury,
To spread a smile o'er the judicial frown.

Or else I'd be seated at my desk,
The pictures, books and rugs just so,
With clients waiting—at my pleasure—
Such gems of wisdom I might bestow.

I'd render great things for the smallest of things,
And gather the fees my dear public offers,
To raise me a family and pay off the mortgage
And observe with delight the state of my coffers.

At present my desk is the law school bench,
My client—very poor pay—
I've yet to behold any breathless jury
As I'm serving writs most of the day.

—HISTORICUS.

« Valette »

RIPLEY'S—

Guthrie, A. R.; 1928.
Humphreys, J. S.; 1931. House Prefect, 1st XV, 1st XI.
Kerby, L. G. K.; 1929.
Molson, W. M.; 1932.
Spencer, J. F.; 1934.
Tryon, T. C.; 1926. School Prefect.
Yuill, R. B.; 1932.

LAKE'S—

Corbett, D. F. H.; 1931. F. S., House Prefect.
Cross, J. M.; 1927. School Prefect.
Dawson, D. A.; 1931. House Prefect, 1st XV, 1st XI.
Hobson, W. B.; 1934.
Lake, R. L.; 1927. School Prefect.
Motherwell, V. G.; 1931. House Prefect, 1st XV, 1st XI.
Oliver, M. R. F.; 1928. House Prefect.
Pearce, P. C.; 1929.
Ridewood, W. E.; 1929.

GROVES'—

Bell-Irving, I. M.; 1931.
Campbell, A. C.; 1929. House Prefect, 1st XV.
Davis, J. A.; 1930. House Prefect.
Harris, D. G.; 1932. House Prefect, 1st XV.
Parker, D. S.; 1935.
Reed, W. G.; 1930. School Prefect, 1st XV, 1st XI.
Robertson, P. McR.; 1934.
Rogers, A. T.; 1926. School Prefect, 1st XV.
Seaton, J. D.; 1931. 1st XV.
Woodward, W. D.; 1929. House Prefect, 1st XV.



BIRTHS

MUSGRAVE—At Upminster, on January 29th, 1935, to the wife of Robert John Musgrave (1916-1919), a daughter.
COLVILLE—At Victoria, B.C., on August 5th, 1935, to the wife of the Rt. Hon. the Viscount Colville of Culross, a son.

MARRIAGES

MAXWELL-MATHEW-LANOWE—On June 1st, at Lodsworth, nr. Petworth, Sussex, Patrick Herbert Maxwell (1920-1927) to Susan, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. B. Mathew-Lannowe.

MAIR-EMERSON—On June 15th, in England, John Olaf Mair (1918-1920), to Sylvia Emerson.

CRISP-BENNETT—On August 8th, at Vancouver, B. C., Frederick Dawson Crisp (1921-1924), to Alice Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Robert Bruce Bennett.

MERRITT-GORDON—On November 18th, at Vancouver, B. C., Francis William Ingersoll Merritt (1924-1930), to Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Mrs. L. Laird Gordon.

DEATHS

KERBY—On December 24th, 1934, drowned while fishing at Active Pass, Laurence G. K. Kerby (1929-1934).

WOODWARD—On July 6th, 1935, at 2650 Marine Drive, Vancouver, B. C., William Douglas Woodward (1929-1934).

CHAPMAN—On November 25th, 1935, at Montreal, Que., Edmond Charles Tupper Chapman (1923-1926).

RIPLEY—On November 24th, 1935, at Tacoma, Wash., William R. Ripley.

After a short illness, Mr. W. R. Ripley, of Tacoma, died. The father of one of our best-known Head boys, he was a true friend and benefactor to the School and gave very generously of his best during the reconstruction of the School in 1927 and ever since.



OLD BOYS' NOTES

Any Old Boy who sends his subscription of \$1.00 will receive the Magazine next year and an invitation to such affairs as are held at the School.

The Old Boys' Chairs will be carved with name and School dates on receipt of \$10.00.

Old Boys' Ties will be sent on receipt of \$1.50.

* * * *

At the Old Boys' Meeting, which was held at the Georgia Hotel in Vancouver on March 9th, Mr. D. K. Macrae, who had been president of the Old Boys' Association for three years, resigned, and Mr. R. A. C. Douglas was elected as president.

It is curious what a great respect the Old Boys all have for the "Law." However, it is pleasant to think that so many Old Boys are entering this learned profession. It sounds as if there is now the nucleus of a real permanency in the membership in Vancouver.

During the year we have received visits from F. W. Merritt; Captain S. E. E. Morres, who is stationed at Winnipeg; Torleif Torland, who is at the University of Washington; Budge Graham and Jamie Malkin, who were about to leave on a European tour; Charles and Bill Hyde, the former being in business in Tacoma and the latter having entered Dartmouth College, N.H.; Norman and Gordon Best, the former in the Chase National Bank, New York, and the latter in the R.A.F.; Harry Lake, also stationed at Winnipeg in the R.C.H.A.; Harry Cotton, in the P.P.C.L.I.; also D. F. Robertson, P. Bradford and D. Bradford, who is at R.M.C., D. Barker, T. C. Tryon and George Pownall.

A few more Old Boys seem to have obtained jobs and an ever-increasing number are joining the police. At present Brian Weld and Peter Bradford seem to be our only representatives on the B. C. Provincial Police Force. W. S. Ferguson is a corporal in the R.C.M.P. J. F. Mara and M. Cotton are constables in the R.C.M.P. at Regina. Noel Jones is in the Palestine Police Force and E. M. Slater is in the Shanghai Police.

Alan Best gave a series of talks on Natural History at the request of the B.B.C. last June. He had an article in the *Field* on "The Badger," and the *Daily Express* printed a series of articles by him. He also wrote a paper in conjunction with Julian Huxley for the International Ornithological Congress.

The Covernton brothers appear to have had a wonderful trip in Europe this summer and we had hoped to publish a letter from them. However, it has not arrived. It may be modesty, as report has it that the Spaniards, at least, were much thrilled by their swimming prowess.

Old Boys were invited to the School for the Armistice Week-end, November 9th, 10th and 11th. Over twenty turned up at various times and we enjoyed seeing these men and hearing of their work and ambitions. The usual dinner was held on Sunday evening and we welcomed R. A. C. Douglas, our new President, who had not been back to the School for some years.

We acknowledge with thanks letters from De Bretigny, who is studying music in London, England; Bruce Olsen, University of Washington; A. Bastin, Royal Signal Corps, Catterick, England; Saville Garrard, Trans-Pacific Cable Company, Midway Island; Douglas H. Green; Bob Harcourt; Fred Crisp, who is living on North Pender Island; T. A. Piddington, who is working for the Industrial Acceptance Corporation in Montreal, having obtained his B.A. at McGill last year; John Lake, who successfully passed fourth out of thirty-four successful candidates and has been gazetted to the East Lancashire Regiment, he has also been playing rugger for Yorkshire in the County Championship; Dr. A. G. Crisp, who has been appointed to the Rampton State Institution, Retford, Nottinghamshire, England; Julius Griffith, who has been in England studying art; John Cross, who is at the Ontario Agricultural College; W. G. Reed at Brandon College, and who hopes to go to Toronto next year; J. O. Mair; a most interesting letter from M. G. Stirling on the H.M.S. *Sussex*; one from Jack Maybee, who is now at Toronto University; John Bird at the University of B. C.; Bill Johnson at Toronto University; John Mackie; R. E. Homer-Dixon; Bob Shannon and A. Barton of Penticton, who is appearing before the Selection Board of the Air Ministry in London this month.

* * * *

University of Alberta,
November 22, 1935.

DEAR MR. LONSDALE:

In reply to your letter I will be only too glad to try and place those of the Old Boys that I can remember. As we have no Old Boys' Association here it is hard to keep track of some of those who have gone far from the points where we originally knew them. On looking around, though, familiar faces will bring back memories of the long wet run and the clang of defaulters' bell, not to mention that of P.T., but as those recollections came fast it would be well to try to mention some of those who took part in them.

John Miller is now working in the Royal Bank at Calgary after having completed his second year at Mount Royal College.

Reg Hayden has now developed into a full-fledged reporter on the Calgary *Herald*.

Ian Russell has bounded from the bond business into a mine in Osoyoos, B.C., and with those hardened biceps should be a welcome prospect for the Old Boys' Rugby Match.

While George Grayburn is working on curves as manager of the Strand Theatre in Calgary, Newton Bates is studying angles as a coming architect in his father's office.

The Dykes are braw Highlanders in the militia and are also studying at the Technical School.

And coming closer to the ground we have Donald Munroe ranching at Carstairs and John Cross in the Agricultural College in Guelph, Ontario.

Bob O'Callaghan, Fred and A. R. Thomas are completing their courses in High School.

Jack Maybee finished his second year at Mount Royal College and has gone to Toronto University, and is, from all accounts, quite enjoying it there.

Also at Toronto is Bill Johnson.

At the University of Alberta we have Jack Drumheller and Pete McAulay taking second year Engineering, and Paddy Morris taking Arts and Law.

And finally in Calgary we have a real link with the School in Captain Ellissen, who manages to keep an eye on us in spite of being busy with his own school.

And in closing may we wish all those whom we knew at Shawnigan and the School itself the best of wishes for a happy and prosperous New Year.

Yours sincerely,

PADDY MORRIS.

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McGill University,
Montreal.

The Editor,

SHAWNIGAN LAKE SCHOOL MAGAZINE:

Dear Sir:—There are now eight Old Boys in Montreal, one more than last year.

At McGill:

T. E. McPherson has graduated from R.M.C. to the higher learning of McGill, which he is enjoying in the form of the fourth-year Civil Engineering course in Applied Science.

C. C. Covernnton (Zeta Psi), whom we have not yet seen, is here in first-year Medicine after taking his B.A. at U.B.C.

D. B. Savage (Sigma Chi) is in third-year Arts. He has been playing rugger for the University and is a member of the McGill Players' Club.

D. C. Douglas (Psi Upsilon) is now in first-year Engineering.

Turning from the shady paths of learning to the work and wages of St. James Street, we find:

T. A. Piddington. Tom is the latest entrant into life's grim struggle. He got his B.A. in May and since then has been with the Industrial Acceptance Corporation here.

J. A. Piddington is still with the chartered accountants' firm of McDonald, Currie & Co. Since recuperating from his 21st birthday celebrations early in October, he has been playing rugger for the Wanderers.

Jack Tryon has at last been run to earth, and we find that for over a year he has been greasing the wheels of industry, and himself, at the McColl Frontenac Oil Refineries down at Pointe-aux-Trembles.

J. R. Doull deserted us early in the year when he was transferred to the Victoria branch of the Bank of Nova Scotia, but we hear a rumour that he may be back soon.

We join in wishing the School and other Old Boys all the best for the coming year.

YOUR MONTREAL CORRESPONDENT.

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Royal Military College,
Kingston, Ont.
November 12, 1935.

The Editor:

SHAWNIGAN LAKE SCHOOL MAGAZINE:

Dear Sir:—Once again the time has rolled around for us to send this epistle to let the School know what we are doing down here in Kingston. Being of a

modest turn of mind, we find it very hard to boast of our achievements (?), nevertheless we think it our bounden duty to do so.

Since our last effort, Tommy McPherson has graduated and is now at McGill, from where rumours of him will doubtless reach you.

On our return this year, we discovered Sedley Sweeney in our midst. He seems to be surviving the rigours of the recruit year fairly well.

This year, we regret to state that Des Bradford has taken up Canadian rugby, but, while he has managed to get on the first team, it seems a pity that a good soccer player should desert to such a low game. At the same time, we are in the play-offs for the Dominion Intermediate Intercollegiate Championship, which is something. Bradford also distinguished himself in the boxing last spring, winning both the light and welter-weights. He played some very fine squash as well, getting into the semi-finals of the Inter-Company Tournament.

Ian Fox has at last managed to become a Senior and has the honour of being a Corporal, although some nasty soul has whispered that it was only because there was such a small Senior class this year. He has been playing first team soccer all season, holding down the outside-left position. Last spring he was in the final of the Inter-Company Tournament, beating Bradford in the semi-final.

When we were down in Montreal playing McGill, we met Tom and Jamie Piddington, and Dave Savage, which naturally called for something. It was decided, very quickly, to hold a meeting of the Old Boys' Club at the Ritz immediately.

Once again, in conclusion, we must say that there are not enough Old Boys coming to R.M.C. Perhaps it is because some think that it is very difficult to get in. This is not entirely the case. All that is needed is good health and, if possible, Senior Matric.; Junior Matric, is sufficient, but Senior is better.

Very sincerely yours,

IAN FOX,
R. M. C. Correspondent.

* * * *

Victoria, B. C.
November 16, 1935.

The Editor,
SHAWNIGAN LAKE SCHOOL MAGAZINE:

Dear Sir:—On glancing through two or three old School Magazines I find that there has been no Old Boys' letter from Victoria for some years; probably because I forgot to write one. If you feel that you still have space for one after all this time, here it is.

Last week-end a number of us spent a very enjoyable few days at the School. The rugger fiends were disappointed (?) that they could not play a match against the School, but were consoled by being able to watch, from the shelter of their cars, the School play the Wanderers on a very wet afternoon. A fortnight before, several Old Boys went to the Lake, and combined with the staff to play the School.

The following few notes may be of interest. For some years there were not many Old Boys in Victoria; it was looked on as a good place from which to start for somewhere else. Just now, however, the numbers have increased;

among them have been noticed P. Bradford and D. F. Robertson, who are becoming noted hunters. Bradford spends his spare moments at the Motor License office.

The militia is ably supported by R. W. Phipps and D. Barker of the Fifth Regiment. The former is one of the mainstays of the Royal Trust Co., where K. Leeming and G. Pownall are also to be found.

The banks take care of R. Doull and C. Campbell (Nova Scotia), R. Elliott and G. Marshall (Montreal) and W. Kennedy (Toronto). Campbell is unfortunately being sent to Vancouver, while Marshall has recently gone to Duncan.

R. L. Lake is at Victoria College, as is M. Oliver. They play for the Varsity rugby team.

J. and P. Skrimshire are with the B. C. Electric Railway Company.

Alec Parr is somewhere up the west coast on a fishing boat but is expected back shortly.

B. C. Weld, after being moved rapidly up and down the Island to deal with loggers' strikes and so forth, is now stationed permanently with the B. C. Police at Nelson.

Of the Rugger enthusiasts, Doull plays for the 16th Scottish seniors, and Campbell and Kennedy play for the Wanderers intermediates.

And E. C. D. Wilson, who digs up information for the Provincial Government's Economic Council, finds that in his case the "Work and Wages" programme is a complete success.

J. H. B. Watson is still juggling other people's accounts but will soon (we hope) add C.A. to his signature.

Yours anonymously,

A VICTORIA CORRESPONDENT.

* * * *

14 Willcock Street,
Toronto, Ont.

DEAR MR. LONSDALE:

You will no doubt be more than surprised by my promptness in answering your letter, which doesn't always happen, as you know full well.

The lure of the East draws more Old Boys every year. There are no less than eight here now. I haven't seen them all as yet, but with the help of Harcourt and other more reliable sources of information I submit the following:

John Cross hopes to learn something about farming at the Ontario College of Agriculture.

Doug. Green, with H. R. Bain, bond dealers, is making full use of his natural aptitude for mathematics.

Bob Harcourt, in second year Osgoode, blushing admits that he and the future Mrs. Harcourt are ready to set up housekeeping now with silver won at a golf tournament in Montreal.

Bob Hyndman, our most recent acquisition, exercises his talents at the Ontario College of Art.

Bill Johnson graduates this year in Maths and Physics; spends his summers in the actuarial department of the Manufacturers Life.

Don Lawson continues his studies at Trinity College.

Jack Maybee has started the English and Philosophy Course at the University.

Peter Pullen is here to learn Mining Engineering.

I might mention that Jack, Peter and myself have been turning out for English rugby.

These are all the Old Boys I have met so far. If there are any omissions, I apologize and hope that they will have accounted for themselves.

With the best of wishes for yourself and the School,

Yours sincerely,

BILL JOHNSON.



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